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**Early Amber Sugar Cane and  
German Millet Seed.**

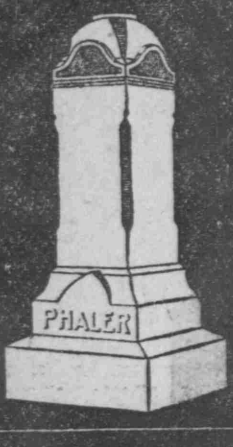
**Hanover, Portland and Domestic Cement.**

**The Best of Jellico, Kentucky, Blue Gem and Cannel Coals.**

**Sand, Salt, Corn, Oats, Hay and Straw.**

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We have the largest stock  
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We employ the most skilled workmen, and with  
the use of ELECTRICITY and PNEUMATIC TOOLS, we  
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WE KEEP IN STOCK AT ALL TIMES

**Maysville Brick,**

And can furnish them delivered in short notice.

Coal, Lime, Sand, Cement and Feed.

**STARKE & CO.,**

South Main Street, - Paris, Kentucky.

Both Phones 267.

**A Continual Strain.**

Many men and women are constantly  
subjected to what they commonly term  
"a continual strain" because of some  
financial or family trouble. It wears and  
distresses them both mentally and physi-  
cally, affecting their nerves badly and  
bringing on liver and kidney ailments,  
with the attendant evils of constipation,  
loss of appetite, sleeplessness, low vitality  
and despondency. They cannot, as a  
rule, get rid of this "continual strain,"  
but they can remedy its health destroy-  
ing effects by taking frequent doses of  
Green's August Flower. It tones up the  
liver, stimulates the kidneys, insures  
healthy bodily functions, gives vim and  
spirit to one's whole being, and event-  
ually dispels the physical or mental dis-  
tress caused by that "continual strain."  
Trial bottle of August Flower, 25c; reg-  
ular size, 75c. At all druggists.—W. T.  
Brooks

**Healthy Mothers.**

Mothers should always keep in good  
bodily health. They owe it to their  
children. Yet it is no unusual sight to  
see a mother, with babe in arms, cough-  
ing violently and exhibiting all the symp-  
toms of a consumptive tendency. And  
why should this dangerous condition ex-  
ist, dangerous alike to mother and child,  
when Dr. Bochee's German Syrup  
would put a stop to it at once? No  
mother should be without this old and  
tried remedy in the house—for its tim-  
ely use will promptly cure any lung,  
throat or bronchial trouble in herself or  
her children. The worst cough or cold  
can be speedily cured by German Syrup;  
it cures hoarseness and congestion of the  
bronchial tubes. It makes expectora-  
tion easy, and gives instant relief and  
refreshing rest to the cough-racked con-  
sumptive. New trial bottles, 25c; large  
size 75c. At all druggists.—W. T.  
Brooks.

**ESCAPED**

**Women and Men From the Clutches  
of the Doctor, Undertaker and  
Grave Digger.**

**THE NAMES OF A FEW PEOPLE WHO ARE  
HAPPY AND FREE FROM RHEUMAT-  
ISM, LIVER AND KIDNEY  
DISEASE BY USING**

**DENN'S SURE, SAFE AND  
SPEEDY CURE.**

Mr. Gennings and wife, 2063 N. High.  
Mr. Goodspeed and wife, Frambes Ave.  
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Rev. Dawson, Rev. J. J. Shingler.  
President John Culbertson, High and  
Maynard St.

Mr. Wilson and wife, Northwood Ave.  
Rev. Shultz and Roy Shultz.  
We could fill a large newspaper with  
responsible witnesses of what Denn's  
Sure, Safe and Speedy Cure can do. But  
try a 25 cent or 75 cent bottle and you  
will be surprised at the immediate help  
it affords.

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**OBERDORFER,**  
THE DRUGGIST,  
PARIS, - - KENTUCKY.

**GREGORY  
Seeds**  
Send for free catalogue.  
J. H. GREGORY & SONS, Northland, Mass.

**An Idyl of the  
Sugar Beet Fields**

By  
**BELLE MANIATES**

(Copyright, 1904, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

It was certainly an infliction to Cur-  
tis Waldo, the young manager of  
the sugar beet factory, to be up and  
doing at the dawn of this summer  
day. He hurried to the down town  
office of the factory, where a troop of  
noisy, happy youngsters were await-  
ing with impatience their drive to the  
fields a few miles distant, where they  
were to weed the beets and receive  
generous payment for each hour's  
work.

It was something of a task to take  
their names and get them stowed  
away in the big wagons in waiting,  
and he gave a groan of relief when  
the task was over. He heard the door  
open.

"Another!" he thought, wearily, as  
he raised his head from the ledger.  
The look of impatience vanished at  
the sight of the slender young figure  
of a girl presumably 19 years of age,  
who stood before him. Her face was  
fair and delicately pink. A big, broad-  
brimmed hat, rested on a head  
crowned by shining, reddish-brown  
hair, and the eyes that harmonized  
with such hair looked appealingly up  
at him.

"What can I do for you?" he asked  
in courteous tones.

"I want to weed beets. The driver  
said he'd wait while I came and got a  
ticket."

Waldo glanced at the dainty white  
hands with the well-kept nails.

"Why," he said, deprecatingly, "do  
you know it's hard work in a blazing  
hot field, stooping over and pulling up  
those tough weeds? Do you think  
you could endure it?"

"I can—if they can," she said, with  
a sigh, pointing to the boisterous mob  
without.

"What kind of work do you do?"  
he asked, skeptically.

"I sew. But I don't like it. I want  
to try out of door work."

"Well, be careful," he advised, as he  
went out to the wagon with her. He  
noted approvingly the neat, well-fit-  
ting gingham dress and, as she  
climbed into the wagon, he had a  
fleeing glimpse of a slender foot and  
a shapely ankle.

He watched the wagons of merry-  
makers drive away.

"They seem to think it's a picnic,"  
he thought, grimly. "They'll not be  
so gingerly when they come in to-  
night. I'm thinking."

All through the morning his  
thoughts wandered to the sweet,  
dream-centered face of the last ap-  
plicant, Myra Cole. About 11 o'clock he  
said suddenly to the bookkeeper:

"I am going to drive out and see  
how our kindergarten is progressing."

He arrived at the fields just as the  
little weedeers were about to begin  
their midday meal. They were tired,  
dirty and perspiring, but still happy  
and noisy. He found his vision of the  
morning with a little tot on each side  
of her.

"Give your luncheon all to them,"  
he said, peremptorily. "I drove out  
to see how things were working, and  
I brought luncheon enough for both  
of us. Come down to the road where  
my horse and carriage are."

She followed him obediently.

"Shall we serve it in the carriage?"  
he asked.

"There is a nice shade tree across  
the road. We can spread it out more  
comfortably there."

He agreed with this suggestion and  
watched her unpack and arrange the  
luxurious luncheon he had brought.

"How did you keep your hands from  
burning?" he asked.

"I wore some thick gloves, and I  
didn't pull very many. I couldn't  
stand the sun. I am afraid I haven't  
earned much, but I will do better  
when I am used to it."

They sat down on the ground to the  
luncheon and he was pleased to see  
that she ate as daintily as she did  
other things.

"Are your parents living?" he  
asked.

"Yes; I live at home with them."

"And are they very poor? Pardon  
the question, but it doesn't seem as if  
you were fitted for such hard labor."

"I have to help. My mother is an  
invalid."

"Oh," he said, sympathetically.

"And your father? Does he work?"

"Yes; he works at the Globe Paper  
works."

"Have you any brothers and sis-  
ters?"

"One brother."

"Where does he work?"

"He doesn't work yet. He is a year  
younger than I."

"He is old enough to work. He  
should be the one to do this instead  
of you," he growled.

When they had finished luncheon  
he asked her to drive during the rest  
of the noon hour. She hesitated and  
looked a little doubtful as to accept-  
ing.

"It'll do you good and rest you for  
the afternoon."

She finally consented to take a lit-  
tle drive, but insisted upon returning  
to the field at one o'clock.

"Where do you live?" he asked, as  
he helped her out of the carriage.

"At 415 Twelfth street," she replied,  
with a slight blush.

"And may I come and see you to-  
night, he asked.

The blush deepened.

"I am going to a dance to-night."

"A dance! Where?"

"The Draymen's union."

His idol tottered.

"With whom are you going?"

"My brother."

This was more encouraging, but  
still, the Draymen's union! He  
couldn't associate her with the enter-  
tainment. Mechanically he lifted his  
hat and drove abruptly and swiftly  
away. He was at the office when the  
wagon loads drove up in the evening.  
The children did not fulfill his pre-  
diction of losing their ginger. Their  
elastic natures had revived during the  
ride home all their hilarity of the  
morning.

Although Myra Cole was one of the  
first to enter, she stepped aside to let  
the others receive their payment.  
When the ranks finally began to thin  
Waldo looked up to see why she did  
not come to his desk. To his amaze-  
ment she had vanished.

"I suppose she was in a hurry to  
dress for the dance," he mused, with  
a shudder at the thought of that re-  
fined maiden attending such a dance.

Although an employee had been  
broken into the work of starting the  
"kindergarten" Waldo appeared at the  
scene of action the next morning.  
She was there, as sweet and dainty as  
he had pictured her. She came up to  
him at once.

"I didn't wait for my money last  
night," she said.

"I suppose you were impatient for  
the dance," he said, with a little sar-  
casm apparent in his voice. "You  
must be tired. Did you dance every-  
thing?"

"I didn't dance at all," was her  
astounding reply. He had thought of  
her as easily being the belle of the  
ball.

"Why not?"

She gave an odd little laugh.

"No one asked me!" she replied,  
wistfully.

"No one asked you! Not even your  
brother?"

"My brother doesn't know how to  
dance. Thank you," as he handed her  
the envelope.

"Wait, you haven't your ticket for  
to-day," he said, as she turned to go.

"I am not going to the fields to-day.  
I have to be at home."

In an instant she had given way to  
the jostling, eager children and was  
gone from his sight. Everything  
went wrong with Waldo that day, and  
he didn't go at night to pay off the  
"brats," but sent the cashier. In the  
evening he found himself on Twelfth  
street. He didn't plan to call—only  
to walk past No. 415. This, however,  
he was unable to do, as there was no  
such number. She was utterly lost to  
him unless she came to weed again.

The next morning was Sunday and  
when he picked up the Times he was  
interested and amused to read a  
bright, snappy article headed "A Day  
With the Beetweedeers." There was a  
brief allusion to the manager's kind-  
ness and patience towards his little  
employees. He wondered how the  
Times got such accurate information  
and was so correct as to details.

"I have it," he cried, triumphantly.  
"Myra Cole was the reporter incor-  
ognito. I might have known she was  
not what she pretended, a working  
girl."

He was in a peaceful, happy frame  
of mind all day and early Monday  
morning he sought the editorial of-  
fices of the Times.

"Halloa, Lorimer," he said to the  
city editor. "I want to see the re-  
porter who gave us such a good write-  
up yesterday."

"Certainly. Miss Hayden wrote the  
article. Come this way."

Waldo followed into a little office  
where a young woman sat at a desk.  
"Miss Hayden, let me present Mr.  
Waldo, manager of the sugar beet fac-  
tory."

The young woman turned and Wal-  
do experienced a shock of disappoint-  
ment upon beholding a black-haired  
girl who wore spectacles.

"Your article in yesterday's paper  
was good, so good," he said, recover-  
ing his composure, "that I am curious  
to know from whom you got the  
facts."

"From one of the weedeers—a very  
intelligent young girl."

"Was her name Myra Cole?" he  
asked, eagerly.

"Let me think," she mused. "I be-  
lieve that was the name she gave me,  
although I am not sure."

"Do you know where I can find  
her?"

"No, I do not."

Baffled, Waldo left the office. Then  
it occurred to him that her father  
worked at the Globe Paper company.  
Happy thought! He hastened to the  
office and asked for the manager,  
whom he knew slightly.

"Good morning, Mr. Grant. I want  
to speak to one of your employees, if I  
may."

"Certainly, Mr. Waldo. Which  
one?"

"His name is Cole."

A search through pay rolls failed to  
reveal an employee by this name. As  
he was about to take his leave a door  
behind him opened and a voice he in-  
stantly recognized said:

"Good morning, papa!"

Quickly he turned and beheld Myra  
Cole, whom Grant introduced as his  
daughter! Her eyes danced mis-  
chievously.

"So it was you who gave the facts  
to the Times?"

She laughed happily.

"Yes; Laura Hayden is a friend of  
mine and I did it to accommodate her  
and she wanted to go to a concert that  
night, so I did the Draymen's union  
for her, too."

"Will you tell me," he asked, gaz-  
ing earnestly into her sparkling eyes,  
"why you did not reveal your identity  
to me?"

"Oh—because—" she replied.

Her father laughed.

"That is a favorite reason with my  
daughter. You will never get a more  
satisfactory answer than that from  
her!"

But he did.

**THRO' KENTUCKY.**

Thro' the grand state of Kentucky,  
Where the "Old Home" got its name,  
Where the fields are overflowing  
With the yellow ripening grain.

Here tobacco plants are growing,  
In the fields not sown with corn,  
Tobacco plants—big as cactus—  
Just as sure as you are born.

Yes, they're large as good-sized cactus,  
Larger in our home-like view,  
But it's of a fine grade as  
Is that old "Kentucky Dew."

Here all people reap a harvest.  
Money in bank from year to year,  
All the green calamity howlers,  
Lose their jobs when they land here.

Here the "dry" ways are the highways,  
Built high and dry from rains and flood,  
Here the "good roads delegation,"  
Swear the roads are sutt'nly good.

But of pikes and highways finest,  
There's a "road" that suits my taste;  
Tis the line of Solid Comfort,  
And the trains let no time waste.

From Kentucky to St. Louis,  
Operates this road of class,  
Across the famous old "Green River"  
On its roadbed smooth as glass.

Would you know the road I speak of?  
Listen then to my advice,  
For you'll need it in your business,  
On your trip to Paradise.

In your travels to St. Louis—  
Hustle; beat them under the wire,  
"Get the 'Henderson Route' habit!"  
'Tis a good one to acquire.

—[Jack "Henderson" Gallagher]

**Too Many Burglars  
About Town . . . . .**

For the comfort of society. One  
less will visit your homes if he is  
introduced to one of our revolvers.

**This Week Only I Will Sell**

Double Action Revolvers, with re-  
bounding hammers, nicely finished  
and nickled, octagon barrel, hard  
rubber handle.  
22-32-38 Cal. . . . . \$2.00

Automatic Safety Hammer Revol-  
vers, made with hinged frame, re-  
bounding hammers, automatic shell  
ejectors. Positive safety device;  
accidental discharge impossible.  
22-32-38 Cal. . . . . \$3.50 each.

Automatic Safety Hammerless Re-  
volvers, have hinged frame, inde-  
pendent cylinder stop and automatic  
shell ejectors. Has no hammer to  
catch on clothing. Fits the pocket.  
32 or 38 Cal. . . . . \$7.00 each.

All other popular makes, such as  
Colts, Smith & Wesson, etc., in  
stock.

Saws, lawn mowers and scissors  
sharpened, keys fitted, locks and  
trunks repaired. All work guaran-  
teed.

**W. C. DAVIS.**

**Hair Dressing.**

When your hair needs shampooing,  
dressing, or manuring, call Phone 168.  
Work executed in best of manner. Can  
give good references.

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its San Joaquin  
Valley Extension.

The only line with  
track and trains under  
one management all  
the way from Chicago  
to the Golden Gate.

Mountain passes,  
extinct volcanos,  
petrified forests,  
prehistoric ruins,  
Indian pueblos,  
Yosemite, Grand  
Cañon of Arizona,  
en route.

Same high-grade  
service that has made  
the Santa Fe the  
favorite route to  
Southern California.

Fast schedule; Pull-  
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reclining chair cars;  
Harvey meals  
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